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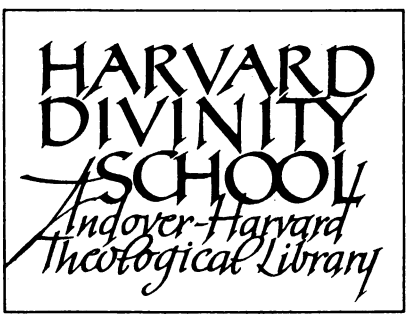
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Memory Book.

Rev. James Minton Pullman, D.D.

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Part First.

Addresses and Prayer.

FUNERAL SERVICES,
FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH,
LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS,
NOVEMBER 24, 1903.

Addresses.

By Rev. Dr. Frank O. Hall.

AT a time like this, one is impressed with the weakness of words. Who can express what we all so strongly feel? If with bowed heads and sorrowing hearts we should hold our peace, the very stones would immediately cry out. These walls, which for nineteen years have echoed words of hope and courage, would refuse to respond to sobs and sighs. The very place in which we meet is eloquent with the memory of strong and inspiring utterances, and alive with the association of a manly life. We come here not to mourn a loss, but rather to rejoice in achievement. From these silent lips there bursts a song of triumph: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness." It might be reasonable to mourn for one who was just entering the fight; we should be excused for grieving over one who had met with defeat, but to-day we pay the tribute of our admiration and our love to a man who has won a victory. Therefore, as far as the con-

sciousness of our own great loss will permit, we will make this not a service of sorrow, but one such as we know James Pullman would approve — a service full of hope and faith and thanksgiving.

What are some of the elements of this man's triumph? What did he win in the battle of life? In the first place he achieved that indefinable and invaluable something to which we give the name "character." No one could be in his presence long, I doubt if anyone could be in his presence at all, without being impressed with the quality of his manhood. We felt his greatness as we have felt the strength and grandeur of the mountains. And yet his character was not like an inaccessible peak that forbids trespassing even while it excites our admiration; rather was it like some lofty height, the summit rising to the clouds, and enticing the explorer to ascend by gentle slopes and through shady and fertile groves. In spite of the loftiness of his manhood he was one of the most approachable of men. If I testify from my own experience I shall only express what hundreds of others have felt.

How well I recall my first contact with him. I was only a boy, starting in the work of the ministry in which he had made a conspicuous success. I discovered immediately that when the fount of my

inspiration dried up, as it often did, if I could put myself in contact with the perennial springs of his soul's life, my little reservoir was instantly replenished. So, when discouraged, empty, poverty-stricken in soul, I would make a pilgrimage to his study as a devotee might to a shrine of a saint — only saint is not the word. When we think of James M. Pullman, we think not of a saint, but of a *man*. He was so full of health and life, intellectual and spiritual vigor, that just to be in his presence an hour was a tonic for the soul. And the man always had a welcome for the boy. As I look back I realize what an impertinence it was for me to trespass so often upon his life, but he never thought it so. I was selfish about the matter. If I could find any excuse for trespassing, I did so, and often there was no excuse at all. I felt like one who had found a treasure hid in a field and thought it belonged to me alone until I discovered that others also were replenishing their wealth at the same mine. After that, sometimes we would go together in groups, or entice him away to the seashore or the woods, baiting him with sunshine and sparkling waters, green grass and whispering leaves, all of which he so dearly loved; but little cared we where we went, or how or when, if only we could get him to talk, and by talking give us glimpses of a heaven

of a deeper blue, and lead us to hear undreamed-of messages from the murmuring leaves.

It was a great privilege to have heard this man preach. It was a greater privilege to have heard him talk. I have read of great conversationalists; he was the only one that I ever knew. To arouse his mind with a question, perhaps to goad him with irrational opposition, until he would arise from his chair and pace the floor with hands plunged into his coat pockets and talk out of the depths of his heart and the bottom of his intellect, was to experience an inspiration worth a long journey to achieve. I suppose that we younger men of the ministry will never know how much we owe to this man. Garfield's much-quoted saying is particularly applicable, "A log in the forest with a boy sitting on one end and Mark Hopkins on the other would be university enough." The best divinity school that some of us ever attended was a boy sitting on a rock by the shore with James Pullman occupying another near by, or better, pacing the sands and talking his soul out to the music of the symphonious sea.

This only illustrates the influence that went out from his great life to quicken the lives of thousands of his fellow men. And this influence is explainable only on the ground of character — character achieved by

perseverance, disciplined by trial, mellowed by manifold experience.

I once heard a man say that he found Dr. Pullman unapproachable. He was. No man could approach him along a narrow pathway. He must come by the open road and meet him man to man. There was no other approach. An appeal to vanity, or cupidity, or spite, or petty ambition, met in him a wall as high as heaven and as hard as adamant. He hated everything that savored of meanness, or falsehood, or cruelty, or greed, with all his might. But the man who tried to approach him on the side of honor, or justice, patriotism, or self-sacrifice, never failed to meet a response; while an appeal to the sympathetic side of his nature was a highway to his heart.

A friend said to me yesterday: "When the news of Dr. Pullman's death came to our house, we felt as though we had lost a member of our own family." Then he added: "I suppose there are a thousand homes where they felt the same way." All classes and conditions of men loved him because he loved them and believed in them and trusted them. He loved to call his friends by their first names; it was "George," and "William," and "Fred," and "Frank." To be so addressed by him was better

than the highest sounding title that university could bestow.

The most tender and beautiful phase of the man's character is too sacred to be even touched upon thus publicly. Those who were privileged to breathe even for a time the atmosphere of his domestic life realized that his highest joy was found in the companionships of his home. How sacred were the memories of his childhood, with all its hardships and with all its struggle! Reverence for the mother was a kind of religion which bound brothers and sisters together in eternal bond. His love for wife and child was as strong as his love for God. His was no divided affection; when he loved, he gave himself entire — heart, soul, might, mind and strength.

And this strong, manly and sympathetic character was by no means his only achievement. Through the varied experiences of life, by hard thinking, by sincere and consistent living, he won a lofty and abiding faith, more precious than all else this world can bestow. After one of those wonderful hours in which the electric flashes of his conversation illuminated the deep things of life, a young woman said to him, in my presence, "Doctor, I wish I had your faith." "You can have a similar faith," he replied,

"at the same price; but the price is high." The price of his deep insight into spiritual truth was absolute frankness and fearlessness in facing all the facts of life. There was no cant in his speech or in his thought. During forty years in a profession which tempts to intellectual trickery and spiritual hypocrisy, he kept his soul free from these sins. He loved truth; he followed after truth; he would have nothing but truth, and his reward was — truth. He more than believed; he knew. He achieved faith in God by trusting Him entirely. He achieved faith in Christ by obeying him absolutely. He achieved faith in men by loving them devotedly. He not only liked men, he believed in them; that is the reason he had so many friends. We love those who believe in us. He not only believed in a select number of men; he believed in *all* men. He insisted that no matter how evil a man might appear to be, there was something intrinsically noble in him. "The great contribution that the Universalist Church has made to the religious thinking of the world," said he, "is the immeasurable value of a human soul." And this, to him, was more than a high-sounding phrase. Because he believed in the immeasurable value of the human soul it was impossible for him to think that —

"* * * One soul would be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void
When God hath made the pile complete."

So far I have spoken of the man, and said little of the preacher; but who can separate the two? He was a great preacher because he was a great man. What he was, preached louder than what he said. When he stood in his pulpit all realized that here was a man preaching. He spoke from his own life, and the lives of others responded to his call. He was a master of statement, but that was not his strength. As a student he had absorbed the best thought of the ages and made it his own; but that was not his strength. He had a genius for illustration and drew upon all spheres, literature, mechanics, art, science, travel, history, in order to illuminate the truth he desired others to see; but that was not his strength. The source of his power lay in the fact that he was genuine. People knew that he was telling them what he really thought, not what he thought he thought, or what some one had told him he ought to think. They knew that he was telling them what he had tested in his own life and found to be true. There was no pretense. He was genuine, and so his voice rang true and carried conviction; so his words came freighted with meaning and

brought courage and hope and strength; so his parables and stories and figures of speech really illustrated, and his hearers saw what he had seen, felt what he had felt, believed what he believed. The character that he had achieved, the faith that he won, the love that he had experienced preached through him, and multitudes drank at the fountain and were refreshed.

The Universalist Church, and through it the universal church, has been immeasurably benefited by the life of this man. He was not so much a great leader as he was a great inspirer. He saw visions and dreamed dreams and he had the supreme faculty of making others see the same glowing vision, dream the same splendid dreams, and in the inspiration of what they saw go forth to work toward making the dreams a reality.

There is one thing more which our friend had achieved. He achieved a mighty confidence in the everlasting providence of God that robbed death of its sting and the grave of its victory. Just as the man in perfect physical health has no doubt that he will live to-morrow, this man was filled with spiritual health so that he was entirely confident of the continuity of spiritual life. If James Pullman, instead of lying silently there, were standing here at this old

accustomed place to speak to us as he spoke to you only two days ago, would he utter words of doubt and despair, or of hope and courage and faith? You know what he would say. We can almost hear his voice ring out with the same strength and resonance with which these walls echoed last Sunday morning, as he tells you to lift up your hearts and trust in Him who is the God of the living and not of the dead. Little did he expect, as he stood so short a time ago to speak the last words over the still form of his dear boy, Joe Keene, that he would so soon lie in the same place. But if he had known his words would have been the same. He would say to us now, as he said to you then: "I wish it might be possible for us to leave this place to-day, carrying with us indeed, the inseparable and unspeakable sorrow of our bereavement, but carrying, too, a sense of victory in the triumph of spirit over matter, a sense of absolute security of our spiritual existence in the midst of all these physical changes. Death is the bridge across the river, the main-traveled highway to the better country."

Year after year, during his mother's life, brothers and sisters gathered on her birthday in a glad reunion. Scattered far and wide the rest of the year, that day saw them together again as one united

family. Then the aged woman crossed the bridge; but still on the mother's birthday, brothers and sisters, all that were left, came together in a family reunion. One member of the family after another has come to the bridge and gone over, until most are on the other side. There will be no more family gatherings in this world, but oh, think of the glad reunion that took place when mother and brothers stood over yonder with open arms to welcome James into his Father's house of many mansions. He believed with all his heart that dying was but going home. Let us also in this sacred presence renew our faith, take on new courage and with something of his trust in the unchangeable love of God, and with steadfast resolution set about living as he would have us live that we, too, may be worthy to participate in that sacred reunion of family and friends, in the land where men know neither sorrow nor crying, and God wipes all tears from their eyes.

By Rev. S. B. Stewart.

Dear Friends of this Church and of the Community: — Our hearts suffer from a swift and painful wound, but let us look up and be grateful. There is a glory in the sky that heals and comforts. The common every-day life with which we walked and conversed has passed and will greet us no more. In its stead comes a life transfigured, a life beatified.

It is not tears and grief alone that draw us here to-day, it is a deeper, truer, tenderer appreciation of the man who has been our companion and guide in the higher things as we have wended our daily way. We have listened to his voice again and again. Again and again he has taken our hand in counsel, in friendship, in sympathy. The voice is silent now; the hand is still. It is the Angel Death. But the Angel has drawn back the mysterious veil. The Angel has disclosed the life that passes all understanding in its immortal home, clothed upon now with spiritual beauty, secure in its immortal permanence. "He being dead yet speaketh," speaketh in the wisdom and the power and the love of the Spirit.

But it is the life he has lived among us and the character we have known and admired that impart to his spirit its beauty and its permanence. It is

upon that we shall love to linger. That we shall cherish in affectionate conversation. That, how long it will distil sweet influence upon our own lives.

I must speak as a friend bereaved to you as friends in bereavement. It was my happy privilege to say some few words of welcome to Dr. Pullman in the long years ago when he became your pastor. How little did I forecast that I should one day stand by while his brave spirit suddenly fared forth upon the celestial sea. But I am grateful for these pleasant years together. They have been years of increasing appreciation of him. The more I have known him the more I have admired his strong and manly qualities, his mental power, his profound sense of spiritual life and of its duties and obligations. He came to you with a trained mind, with the accomplishments of large and varied experience. He came with the confidence of knowledge, and what was more, with confidence in the power of the gospel he was to preach. I know how grateful you are for the long years of his earnest, practical and impressive ministry. I know, also, what confidence you have reposed in his leadership. Leadership was one of the striking characteristics of his ministry. He was a man who suggested, who took the initiative, who went ahead, who led the way. And you followed. You

followed willingly; you followed lovingly. You knew the breadth and the seriousness of his convictions. Wherever he led you, you knew it was in the path of enlightenment and justice and humanity. We all knew it and felt it. We all felt the power of his leading. It would be a most inadequate testimony not to say that the influence of this pulpit under his ministry has gone far beyond its walls. The words of the daily message may not have fallen upon our ears, but the life of the entire community has felt their influence, like the impact of the waves of heat and light.

Dr. Pullman distinguished his citizenship as much as he distinguished his profession. Everyone who knew him recognized the catholicity of his mind and temper. There was no narrowness in his nature. He was incapable of illiberality, of improper partisanship. Universalism is a broad and beneficent faith, and he eminently illustrated it. He saw things in the large and grasped them with a wide-embracing mind and with discriminating judgment.

As we know, he was in close contact, at vital points, with the interests of man and society. He understood men. He understood society. He appreciated the complexity of the problems of society. He appreciated the vast and intricate problem of

human life. It has always seemed to me that few men better knew the secrets of human nature; the motives of men in the world of business and politics; their weaknesses and their strength; their temptations, the despondencies and trials with which they were wrestling; that, in the practical sense, few better understood the secrets of success and the secrets of failure. And when I have said that, that few knew better how to touch the springs of the conscience for rectitude and honor; how to say the reconciling word; how to come close to the very heart of a man in such a way as to help and strengthen him for the conflict of the world.

In difficult situations Dr. Pullman's ethical sense never deserted him. To some it may have seemed as if there were almost a touch of severity in his ethical judgments, though we have seldom felt it. But if ever there was, it was from no lack of breadth of sympathy and consideration, but from a profound reverence for the moral order of life, without which there can be neither prosperity nor spiritual happiness for man or society. In his sympathy he embraced all sorts and conditions of men. But his sympathy was not that kind that weakens and incapacitates, but the sympathy that braces up and makes men strong; the sympathy that studies for the edu-

cation of men in self-respect and self-reliance; the sympathy that throws men back upon their manhood. If ever anyone tried to vitalize the common life of men with a noble motive and purpose, to waken in it a religious sense of the right, the true, the becoming, the generous, it was he. If ever anyone taught religion as brotherly love in its rational, practical and tenderest sense, it was the warm, eloquent, persuasive voice to which you listened in the pulpit, and in the every-day ministries and conversations.

As we all know, Dr. Pullman had specialized his studies and labors upon the great problems of charity. Into these he threw his strength, and became a pioneering voice upon the new and reformatory measures for the administration of relief to the poor in town and city. In our own city we are more indebted than I can say to his patient, untiring efforts to establish an organization of Associated Charities. He began the work soon after he came among us. The idea was new; it was accepted, but at first with an interrogation point. The interrogation point has passed into an exclamation point of gratitude and gladness, so beneficent, so universally accepted has the purpose for which he labored become. It was only a few evenings ago that a lecture was given at the Historical Society rooms, in behalf of some of

these things. Dr. Pullman presided. It was the last time I spoke with him, the last time I saw him. The lecturer said some things in appreciation of Dr. Pullman's work in this city. I know it gratified him. I could but say to him how thankful I was that a kind and appreciative word had been spoken, for I know how constantly and faithfully he has served us, and that with the Associated Charities of Lynn his name will be ever gratefully perpetuated. But that is not all. He has carried this new message from town to town and city to city. He has been one of the clear, strong voices in its behalf; and, best of all, he lived to see many fruits springing up from it.

Dr. Pullman had the gift of powerful statement; he was abundantly interesting and often surprisingly eloquent.

I must not omit to say how profoundly we ministers appreciated the hospitality of our dear brother. His right hand was outreached to us all, it mattered not of what faith or practice. He looked forward to a great day when the Church shall be united in the spirit, so much better united than in the days that are passing, in the brotherhood of the spirit! The Charity supper, observed annually by this church, has been one of the delightful occasions when this brotherhood of the spirit has been realized. How

cordially our dear friend greeted us, how close he drew us together, and we always went away with our hearts enlarged.

Dr. Pullman was the most companionable of men. He overflowed with humor; loved a good story and could beautifully tell a good story. His mind was quick, ingenious; he saw the situation at a glance; he never missed the point.

There is a group of citizens in yonder Oxford Club-house who will grieve for the genial brother-like presence of a man who enjoyed their companionship, and who felt it a pleasure and a profit to meet and talk with them upon the things that concerned their own and the public life.

Dr. Pullman's life has been one of industry, of laboriousness, so laborious that sometimes we felt that we must warn him. But he rose in strength for every day's task.

He was a happy man. It was a great part of his mission to make men happy. The noble activities of this church and the beautiful spirit that pervades it are an evidence of it. The young and the old alike felt the power and charm of his presence. And what shall I say for the affection in which he was held by the great company whom he now follows into the realm of spirits! For the great household of the

sorrowing into which he has daily entered with spiritual comfort and tenderness.

It may not be true of everyone what Browning says, but it was true of our dear friend, that he was

" One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
How we fail to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

" No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
'Strive and thrive!' cry 'speed,'— fight on forever
There as here."

Prayer.

By Rev. Frederick A. Fisher, D.D.

MOST gracious God, our Heavenly Father: Death brings not only him who dies, but all who live, to Thee. So have we come in clinging companionship with one we love, so far as we may, upon the road that leads from earth to Heaven; and we have here paused at this altar-gate for our final farewells; to surrender our love to Thee who gave, and to await Thy blessing.

It is only in the light of Thy presence, O God, we can hope to understand life in its wholeness, therefore have we again been brought to feel this supreme problem of the human heart, to think upon it together and with Thee. And may Thy Holy Spirit attend upon us and we upon It.

We would tell Thee of our sorrow, which Thou knowest so well, and as Thou dost listen with infinite patience to our plaint, we shall find the peace and the calm which belongs to the children of God.

Thou hast called from among us the spirit of one whom we loved, and as we look upon the untenanted

form which lies so still among the flowers; which no more gives response of look or voice to our yearning hearts, we are prostrate with grief. We face the loneliness of life without him reluctantly; the ways wherein we met his cheery smile are darkened by its absence; the outreaching hand finds no welcome clasp and the eager ears hear but the echo of a memory. He is no more on earth; no more shall the home be glad of his presence, no more shall the Church glory in his message, no more shall the haunts of friendship be enriched by his companionship; O, God, we are walking through the valley of shadow, and our hearts are desolate.

But now have we come to Thee, our Father and our God, praying for the peace which passeth the understanding of our poor, little minds, and to find here at Thine altar the comfort which the world cannot give.

Here have we found Thee, the wise and infinite one, who, out of the fullness of Thy heart's love, didst give us this life and for so long suffer it to remain to bless the world with its gracious presence and its helpful ministry, and from the depths of our sorrow we would rise to thank Thee.

We thank Thee, that Thou art God, and we can trust Thee; that the same love which gives us being,

takes it away in the wise time and there is no mistake in all Thy Providence, which looks unto the

> "One far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves."

We thank Thee for this manly man who has lived so long and well; who has embodied in life such integrity of character, such courage of conviction, such largeness of heart, such purity of motive, such kindliness of disposition and such abundance of joy.

We thank Thee for this husband and father who has enriched and made more sacred, by his own true devotion, the spirit of home.

We thank Thee for this friend who has given new meaning to Friendship by his own loyalty and faithfulness and truth, till those who walked with him arise and call him blessed.

We thank Thee for this Minister of Jesus Christ, who, filled with the spirit of his Master, has preached the words of life with power, with unflinching courage has stood for the truth and with gentle persuasion has led souls to eternal life. For the personal ministry of the pastor which has stirred to life nobler ambitions and holier aspirations, cheered the discouraged, strengthened the weak, and comforted the sorrowing; renewing the fullness and glory of the Gospel in the world whose greatest need is Gospel.

We thank Thee for the years of his ministry to humanity's needs through the wise methods he helped to institute and to perpetuate and to make effective.

We thank Thee for the large Faith incarnate in him which brought comfort, and peace, and confidence, and hope into doubting lives, and renewed the revelation of an adequate God with a divine and benevolent purpose.

We thank Thee that he is not dead, but that he lives in the rich heritage of memory of a long life of faithful service and a winning personality, which yet abides in sweet companionship with us, and that he lives in that yet richer promise with which hope endows the future. And now that he goes from earth, we thank Thee for the assurance of our Master, Jesus Christ, of that continued life wherein he yet lives and serves the cause of righteousness in closer companionship with truth.

In Thy gracious presence, O God, we recall these things, that the shadows of this parting may be lifted from our hearts.

And now, Our Heavenly Father, do we pray to Thee for Thy blessing, that even more fully we may trust in Thee. We need Thee; above all the needs of life is this need of Thee. In Thee we live and move and have our being; in Thee we die to live

again. Help us to find Thee this day and to bring our sorrowing hearts to lay them at Thy feet.

Thou dost call us all to go down into the deep valleys some time, but only that we may look up and see from the depths the stars which were hidden from us when we were upon the heights.

These, Thy children, are walking through the shadows to-day; O wilt Thou help them and guide them into the paths of peace.

With one accord we pray to Thee for Thy grace, mercy and peace, to enter the hearts of this bereaved family. Touch with soothing the sore heart of this loved and loving wife, who, through long years, has been the helpmeet of Thy servant. Rich has been her blessing, and now wilt Thou temper her sorrow to her endurance, and give to her the joy of a renewed faith in the completeness of life which brings loving hearts together again where there is no more parting.

We pray for Thy blessing upon this son of love and hope, and her who is one with him, that the glory and goodness and worth of this father's life may be renewed. And to these sisters, called to bear an added bereavement to that already heavy, wilt Thou, O God, draw very near with comfort and strength.

There are many friends and many comrades in the

ministry who now await Thy blessing, Our Father. Give unto us more of wisdom, more of faith, more of trust.

A great Church needs Thee, gracious God; as its leader lies here silent, wilt Thou fill this place with Thy Holy Spirit until each shall be a minister of Thy Word and shall rise to meet responsibility and opportunity, and carry forward the work of Thy minister whom Thou has called to higher service.

Now are we all alike before Thee, O Thou Holy One, just Thy children, struggling, worrying, crying as we all go down together along these familiar paths of sorrow which we so long avoid — yet do we all go some time. When the light of love goes out, and those whom we love drift away and away out to the distant horizon where earth and heaven blend, when we take our final look, through our tears, into eyes so dear, then do shadows gather, unless it be that the Master has spoken to us, and then do we wait patiently, trustfully, even as did He in His Gethsemane; then does there come a light like the sunshine through the clouds, to touch our tear-stained faces and glorify them.

O, Our Father, we are here in Thy presence, and in the presence of our dead, to think together with

Thee upon these things. We go from here out into life and leave our dead with Thee.

May Thy Holy Spirit attend us. As the noblest tribute to him whom we loved and who goes out into another room of Thy great house, may we renew the faith he lived and taught by the beauty and trust and cheer of the lives we live.

As the curtains are lifted for him to pass through into the larger life that awaits him, may we catch anew glimpses of the vision which cheered his heart and made glad the hearts of noble men. May we see the fulfilling of Thy divine purpose when there is gathered together Thy whole family at the table of thanksgiving and there shall be no vacant chair. Where the longing of our hearts shall be satisfied, where the yearnings of the soul shall know repletion, where we shall see as we are seen and know as we are known, where the tears shall be wiped from off all our faces and there shall be no more death.

Send us forth into life, O God, with the light and glory of Thy love shining in our faces, and the spirit of our Master burning in our hearts, and upon our lips the prayer He taught us to pray, saying:

"Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth even as it is done in Heaven. Give us this

day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever, Amen."

Part Second.

Addresses.

MEMORIAL SERVICES,
FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH,
LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS,
DECEMBER 6, 1903.

Addresses.

By James F. Albion, D.D.

I SHALL always esteem it one of the rare blessings of my life that I was privileged to know, somewhat intimately, the man we all mourn to-day. I do not exaggerate in saying that to have known him was a liberal education, for he gave men, out of his rich mind and heart, not merely facts, thoughts, ideas, but inspiration, dynamic incentives which aroused intellectual and spiritual inertia whenever he came in contact with men. His character was peculiarly contagious and dynamic in its influence over other minds.

He has been called "a prince among men"— and he was, in the sense of being a leader—*facile princeps*, large-minded, large-hearted, chivalrous, magnanimous, as the ideal prince was conceived to be. There was a strong, native strain of nobility in his make-up. It was evidenced in his very bearing, manner, voice and carriage. You would pick him out among thousands before you had heard him speak a word— and when he had spoken you knew you had met a man with a mission, dominated, pos-

sessed by a great purpose — a man tremendously in earnest; a man who spoke not as the scribes, but with assurance and authority.

He was a man of rare fertility of ideas; of penetrating and comprehensive observation; vital and practical in thought; vigorous, racy, original in language, with nothing of the academic or the doctrinaire about him; a man with whom preaching was not a profession but a passion: — "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel" was his constant thought. Life was too short for him to waste thought or words on any less mighty theme. "One who said more in ten minutes than any man I ever listened to," was the testimony of a friend the other day.

As my word is to be a personal appreciation of what he was to me, I want to emphasize two or three traits in his character which stand out strongly in my memory, wherein he most impressed and influenced me.

First: *His high ideal of the ministry.* His soul abhorred few things more strongly than any cheapening of the sacred calling which he had chosen as his life-work. To him it was the greatest calling a man could espouse. There was no source of influence over men equal to it; no source of joy such as that which came from its faithful service.

No man entered into such a heritage as fell to the minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ; no man came into closer touch with the very heart of life, the essence of things; no man came into more vital relations with all realms of life, was more truly cosmopolitan; no man had such accessibility to the hearts of his fellow-men; no man had such constant appeals, by his very duties, to the summoning of his highest manhood.

This is one of his greatest contributions to our denominational life. In a generation of indifference to the Church as an institution—when ministers have been tempted to resort to all kinds of sensationalism and triviality in the pulpit to arouse men from their apathy—to catch the popular ear—he resolutely, at all times, and in all places, upheld the dignity of his profession.

He knew its intrinsic power. He never grew nervously anxious for Eternal Truth. He knew its inherent magnetism over human hearts. Preach the eternal verities—was his thought—strongly, interestingly, persuasively, confidently, as with authority, and men will listen, and eventually believe and espouse them. "We are too apologetic, too timid" he used to say to us again and again. He magnified

his calling, dignified and ennobled it, and in this was a most potent example to all of us.

Another characteristic, which strongly influenced me, was *his confident, earnest spirit.* His splendid faith was contagious, tonic, bracing. Doubt, hesitation, uncertainty, timidity had no place in his nature. There was n't an atom of indifference in his make-up. He had a constitutional, temperamental antipathy to indifference, and it is significant that the last great theme which occupied his thoughts, and inspired those eloquent last words from this pulpit, was the crying need of positive, aggressive faith and the indifference of the men and women, who, by their station in life and their culture, ought to be the standard bearers of the cross to-day.

It was an inspiration to be in his presence — you felt enlarged, uplifted in the contact of his breezy, optimistic manhood—immediately your horizon widened as you caught his view-point, and the clouds lifted as you were buoyed up by his confident, positive faith. There was not a shadow of doubt even in the tones of his voice. How well we all remember the positive, confident ring of that resonant voice. The very tone of it put new courage in faint hearts, and set the blood flowing faster in our veins. One came

away from a conversation with him, as he sat among his brothers, as though he had been on a mountain height where quickening breezes had driven from his spirit every vestige of inertia, indifference or doubt, ready to bid mountains be cast into the sea—ready for any task or duty. Thus did he inspire us younger men in the ministry. I was dumbfounded when I read his age in the paper—he was so young in spirit—so very much alive, where men live most, where they live their truer life, in mind and heart.

And then I was impressed by *his manly sincerity*, his downright honesty—the cardinal, the basic virtue of a noble character. When he uttered an opinion, or expressed a thought, you never, I never, wondered if that was what he really meant, if that was where he really stood; we knew it, we felt as if his inmost self had spoken. He never flattered, he never evaded, he never timidly qualified or masked his thought. He had no fear, which makes some men insincere; he had no ambition to hide from the world; no creed was master of his reason; no party made him juggle with his conscience; no policy swerved him to subterfuge; no tradition or custom shackled his will.

I liked his manly democracy, his sense of the

worth of simple, honest manhood. With the ability, and the opportunity to be a leader in the highest ranks of society, as the world measures them, he chose — deliberately and unhesitatingly chose — to walk closely to the humblest hearts and lives. A man, with him, was measured, not by his coat, or rank, or wealth, or station, but by his actual manhood's worth. With the keen insight of his Master, he saw beneath all these external marks, and where he found a manly heart, his own, by native sympathy, beat strongly and warmly with it.

But great as was his intellect—and his was a strong intellect, disciplined, forceful, masterly — still his heart was greater, and long after men shall have forgotten his words, his thoughts, his sermons, and his teachings, *his loving-kindness*, to use the old Bible phrase, will remain as a sweet fragrance in the memory of many lives. O how many, many men and women have heard the sweet song of gratitude singing soft and low in their hearts, even while their tears were falling fast, as they remembered the loving-kindness of this man. "Kind words can never die, never die, never die," simply reiterated the old song. There is no lesson we need so much to learn.

Some poet has said:

"So many Gods, so many creeds,
So many paths, that wind and wind;
While just the art of being kind
Is all this old world needs."

A kind word, a loving deed, is the most immortal thing this earth knows. When prophecy has failed, and preaching is in vain, and knowledge has been done away, kind words and loving deeds will still be the vernacular of human hearts. All races, all creeds, all languages, can understand this language of the heart.

He proves by his life how true the statement is, that it is not what we have, nor what we think, nor what we say, nor even what we do, that counts most in this world in way of influence, but what we are.

His splendid character, his sterling manhood, his noble spirit, his warm, loving heart—these made his life more potent, more persuasive and uplifting than even his most eloquent words. These it were that stirred men to noble thought, and high endeavor, and it is the loss of these, in his actual presence, which makes our heart so lonely to-day.

"For the warmest of hearts is frozen,
The freest of hands is still,
And the gap in our picked and chosen
The long years may not fill.

No duty could overtask him,
  No need his will outrun;
Or ever our lips could ask him
  His hands the work had done.

He forgot his own soul for others,
  Himself to his neighbor lending;
He found the Lord in his suffering brothers,
  And not in the clouds descending.

Ah well! — the world is discreet;
  There are plenty to pause and wait;
But here was a man who set his feet
  Sometimes in advance of fate.

Never rode to the wrong's redressing
  A worthier paladin;
Shall we not hear the blessing:
  "Good and faithful, enter in."

James Minton Pullman

By Rev. Dr. Frederick W. Hamilton.

DR. PULLMAN was a many-sided man. His life was one which exerted influence all around, not merely in one direction. One thing, however, was central to all these varied activities — his love for his fellow-men. He gave his life to the Christian ministry, resisting all other appeals, because he loved God and loved his brother men. He was a true friend, an inspirer of men, a wise and helpful guide to younger men, the centre of life and good fellowship in social gatherings, all because of his love for men.

Loving men thus he desired to help them in every possible way, and this loving desire made him a leader among those who are trying to help the less fortunate and less successful of their fellows. Nothing which could affect the life and welfare of men could fail to interest him. The problems of sociology and charity were to him only less interesting than the problems of religion — indeed, were problems of religion in a very real sense. His Christ was the Christ who fed the hungry, healed the sick and set men in right social relations, as well as the Christ who gave them the Beatitudes and the Lord's Prayer.

So he gave his great heart and his powerful intellect to the vital human problems to such effect that he became, in my judgment, the wisest, sanest, broadest, and most thorough student of these matters in our Universalist ministry, and one of the leading authorities upon them in the country.

With Dr. Pullman no human interest could ever be purely academic. He loved his fellow-men so deeply that knowledge of their condition and needs must be manifested in active exertions for the betterment of their lot. It is characteristic of the thorough-going quality of his mind that this work for his fellow-men was done through the channels and under the principles of charity organization. The charity organization, or Associated Charities idea was a new thing in the United States in the earlier days of Dr. Pullman's ministry. It had to win its way into public favor in the face of general indifference and not a little active opposition. It was lacking in the spectacular and merely sentimental aspects of charity, it adopted so unreservedly the modern scientific method of dealing with the difficult and intricate problems that it was neither understood nor appreciated.

Opposition had no terrors for Dr. Pullman. The least belligerent of men, he was ready to champion

the most unpopular of causes in the interest of righteousness and service to his brother men. The new ideas in charity satisfied his head and his heart. Always a man of sound and practical common sense, the method of dealing with poverty as a condition to be removed, rather than temporarily alleviated, to be studied carefully and treated systematically, to be dealt with intelligently and scientifically, in a word, appealed at once to the strong intellectual side of his nature. Always an idealist, the motto of organized charity, "Not alms, but a friend," satisfied the strong sympathetic side of his nature, as being truly in the spirit of the Great Friend of all the world.

What Dr. Pullman did in the days of his New York pastorate to develop the new system and methods of charity is part of the history of that great city. Those who worked with him in those days hold his memory in honored and affectionate remembrance. Those who are now working there are entering gratefully into the fruit of the labors of a generation in which he was a leader.

Of his splendid work here in Lynn I almost hesitate to speak in this presence. You know the story so well, you feel so keenly the loss of his splendid leadership, so wise, so energetic, so inspiring, that

the words of a stranger seem almost irreverent and intrusive. But I do want to say in this presence that those who are trying to do similar work in other fields knew of his work here, appreciated it, honored it. They saw how he came to this busy manufacturing city, with its peculiar and complicated philanthropic problems, and revolutionized one side of its life. They saw how he introduced order and system, increased the efficiency of charity, and, at the same time, kept it warm and sweet with tender human sympathy. They recognized his steady hold on principles approved by wide experience, his tenacity of purpose, his fertility in expedients. It was grand work grandly done.

When Dr. Pullman was appointed to the State Board of Charity it was no mere compliment to a well-known and popular citizen. It was a recognition of the fact that the Commonwealth, as a whole, needed the service and the advice of the man who had accomplished so much in this community. The result justified the expectation, and the other members of the Board will never forget the work which Dr. Pullman continued to do to the very end.

Dr. Pullman identified himself early with the National Conference of Charities and Correction.

James Minton Pullman

His was always a welcome presence at its sessions, a welcome and influential voice in its councils. He was never a frequent or verbose speaker, but when he did speak his words were the deliverance of a ripened thought, a sound judgment and a wide experience, and they never failed to carry weight. In the death of Dr. Pullman the whole country loses one of its leaders in charity and philanthropy and recognizes its loss.

By Rev. R. Perry Bush.

THERE is one beneficent angel who waits ever upon those in deep sorrow, and whose touch is upon each of us as we come with hushed feet to this sacred altar — made yet more sacred in this hour by our loving memory of him who for so many years stood here before the people, the embodiment of strong Christian manhood and the voice of duty and of God.

Sweet sympathy directs all our thoughts and sentiments and our hearts beat as one. Obliterated is every social difference, and even our credal distinctions, and we meet as a great family, drawn the closer to each other by our mutual loss, and realizing vividly anew that it is only when our blessings are withdrawn from us that we learn to measure them at their real and absolute value.

You of that inner circle of the home; you who were the privileged flock of his shepherding; you who pay tribute to him for his civic interests and labors; and we who were his associates in the Christian ministry; how much to all of us was he, who, in the twinkling of an eye, was lifted up from among the workers of earth, to be companions to those in heaven.

Here was a preacher, masterly and eloquent, whose name is to be written among the golden-tongued — the famous of the ages. Here was a shaper of public charities after the pattern at once the wisest, most scientific and most beneficent. Here was the fearless advocate of every just and virtuous cause. Here was a mind with perennial springs of new plans and purposes and a heart with room in it for all mankind. Here was denominational pride and fidelity but without bigotry. Here was keen insight and quick wit, and comradeship, and a laugh contagious, but never a low suggestion nor a shaft of stinging sarcasm. Here was a glorious optimist — a never-failing inspirer — a quickener of hope, and faith, and noble character.

And may I tell you what this man was to me, and to others of my associates in the ministry of the Universalist Church, who, with me, made pilgrimages to his home as to a shrine, and sat at his feet as Paul at the feet of Gamaliel?

James Pullman was our big brother. We loved him — every one of us! and we were proud of him!

If we had thought about it, we should have known that he was a great man, and should have felt our

littleness, but he didn't let us think about it, — he just took us all into his heart and he poured himself out for us.

We went to him discouraged, and he sent us away full of enthusiastic confidence. We went to him when we had emptied ourselves of preaching, and he filled us up with themes and with suggestions of books that would help us. We went to him when we seemed to be fighting all our battles alone, and he put his hand in ours and called us by our Christian names, and when we came away we saw legions of angels around us waiting to assist and cheer us. You will, many of you, remember, how, in his matchless way of illustration, he used to speak of the parallel wires, and the communication of power from the one to the other. He was the wire charged with a mighty voltage of Christian impulse and we got near to him as often as we could and drew from him abundant strength and help.

He never patronized us! He never asked return for what he did. He gave to all of us freely and unreservedly.

He gave us his thoughts — he gave us his friendship — he gave us his inspiration — he gave us his own genuine manly self.

James Minton Pullman

Gratefully do I recognize my own personal debt of gratitude to him, and pay my sincerest tribute of regard. Ever shall I keep a niche in memory sacred to him who was my big brother in the Christian ministry.

James Minton Pullman

By Rev. Augustus N. Foster.

IT is pleasant to recall the talks with Dr. Pullman when kindly counsel was given and fraternal interest shown in the Second Universalist Church. It is easy to call to mind those talks in which questions of local civic interest were discussed and plans made to stimulate healthy public sentiment. It is pleasant to recall the alert interest with which plans were made to evangelize the masses of the people with the Universalist gospel. His eagerness to preach doctrinal truths and to set forth the distinctive message of the Universalist stirred the enthusiasm of the younger men.

His presence inspired personal zeal and consecration. His public appeal was to the individual to realize the stern duty and the beautiful sanctity of life. Well do I remember the opening words of a thoughtful and uplifting prayer at a Sunday afternoon vesper service, "One by one we come into this life! One by one do we go out of it! One by one, if at all, must we win salvation!"

My tribute is the word of one who feels that a great, God-like presence has gone from us.

"There seems a shadow on the day,
His smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears."

However, in the deep grief for such loss there is no bitterness nor resentment; rather does the grief blend with pride in an illustrious memory and with joy in the assurance that now he is become one of the fixed stars in the firmament of our thought and hope.

Keen, ethical insight and a determined will made him the bold preacher of righteousness whose word was with power; his active nature and discriminating judgment made him an administrator who commanded respect; his cheery temper and gracious manner marked him as a leader of men. Lynn suffers the loss of her foremost citizen and the Universalist Church will hallow the name of a mighty preacher.

Let me mention two qualities of his life which have compelled my admiration and which are very commonly noted, by his friends, as among the sources of his influence.

He was a broad-minded man. The breadth of thought and purpose was the expression of ripened scholarship, business acumen and the varied experience of distinguished connections. By many this

was not appreciated or even recognized. The prevailing habit of specializing the work of the day tends to narrow the vision. Persons thus affected cannot understand the interest of others outside their own immediate realm.

His aim was to co-ordinate, to focus, numerous agencies in one strong and dominant factor. In broad vision he saw clearly the important things and centered attention in the permanent qualities. This attitude was shown in his dealing with people whose weakness or peculiarity was overlooked in the light of an honest purpose and of worthy work performed. The best in such persons was nurtured into stronger life. The oddities, not being emphasized, tended to fade away in the light of a sympathetic and a worthy purpose. Such persons came to feel a deep and unbounded respect for him and interest was centered in the common work.

In him whose eloquent voice gave this pulpit commanding power, the ethical insistence was marked, and repeatedly was the demand made that the moral law must underlie all economic progress.

To proclaim the beauty and the power of spiritual ideals means a clear vision not marred by selfishness; it means clear, ethical perception and integrity.

To insist on the binding force of moral law shows the courage which marks leadership and is ready to stand alone if need be.

The last time I saw Dr. Pullman he was standing on the stairway of the happy home where I had first met him nine years before. On this Wednesday afternoon three young clergymen were present. We felt proud to be called his "boys." The talk had drifted to the various means used to enlist Church workers. Reference was made to those social movements which masquerade under the name of the Church and of religion, and the question considered was "How far should such methods be adopted and the people attracted by them allowed a voice in determining the policy of the Church?"

It is a help to remember the ethical fervor of his reply as the words came in clear and incisive utterance: "Why not go directly to these people and tell them 'you are wrong and we are right!'"

Part Third.
Address.

MEMORIAL SERVICES,
PULLMAN MEMORIAL CHURCH,
ALBION, N.Y.,
DECEMBER 13, 1903.

Address.

By Rev. Lehi M. Powers.

IN this village where his childhood days were passed, to which in all after years his thoughts returned in loving memory, and where, life done, he wished his body to rest; in this church dedicated to the faith he loved and proclaimed, the gift of a brother, a memorial to his parents — it is most fitting that a service be held in honor of one of the greatest preachers of our faith. I am to say a few words concerning Dr. Pullman as a preacher of Universalism.

He was a great preacher, not relatively and compared with the preachers in his own church but absolutely. In any church or age he would have been conspicuous, yet he felt that his power, of which he was conscious, was due to his message. He felt that every Universalist minister should be a great minister because he has a great message.

Very likely all would be if all understood the philosophy of their faith in the same large way that Dr. Pullman interpreted it.

Universalism begun with a very important and worthy idea. That idea seemed so important and its advocacy aroused so much opposition that, for a time, our preachers were literally men of one idea. There were some advantages in this situation; one new idea is about all the world is capable of receiving at one time. We grew more rapidly in those days than we have ever grown since then. Still a church with one idea, a church interested exclusively in saving people in some other world, above all a church fighting an idea of future punishment that was already dying, could not long endure. Beside we had made affirmations concerning God which, clearly understood, meant a philosophy of religion, the broadest and most comprehensive yet uttered.

Dr. Pullman was one of the first to see the wider meanings of our faith. His whole life in fact was largely given in helping our church to understand its faith. He believed, and wanted all to understand, that Universalism is a religion for this world as well as for the next, that it is adequate to every crisis in the individual life and every problem in the world. How ably he made this appear at the General Convention held in Buffalo two years ago. William

McKinley had just been killed and the assassin was still alive. The whole city, the whole nation in fact, was under a cloud.

Here seemed an evil out of which no good could come, and then and there Dr. Pullman said "Here in this very city where I speak, the evil hand of anarchy struck what was meant to be a deadly blow at the very heart of our precious and costly social good. And for a few hours after the President of the United States was shot, it seemed to us in our bewilderment of grief and terror and rage that evil was fatally stronger than good and had triumphed. But was it so? No: our social structure, founded in essential righteousness, did not even stagger at that blow. It stood like a rock; not a stone of its foundations was displaced. Not for a day, nor an hour, were the necessary functions of our government interrupted. The whole nation trembled indeed, but it was with great indignation, not with weakness. The stroke of evil was a failure. The heart of the nation beat stronger and fuller after it than before it. If you shoot out the main spring of a watch, that watch will stop, but the whole life of the American nation is not coiled in the brains of any one citizen, however eminent and beloved—it has 70,000,000 separate lives! The

assassination of the President showed, not the triumph but the futility of evil.

"But you say, evil killed the man, and therefore did have some triumph. All men must die, and what is so universal can not, under God, be of itself an evil. Most men die ingloriously in their beds. But that shot gave William McKinley an opportunity to die nobly, and he so nobly took it that it has multiplied his life a millionfold here on the earth! and it translated him to the uplands of the universe where he walks with Washington and Lincoln and Garfield and Harrison and the rest, and serves the interests of the universe in higher ways than the highest ways on earth. But still, you say, that evil shot triumphed in the sorrow which it wrought. I doubt that. Of all the influence which God brings to bear upon man in this life, none is more refining and ennobling than a noble sorrow.

"We shall cure anarchy in the only way in which it can ever be cured. We shall not fight the battles of cosmos with the weapons of chaos, not tyrannize free speech under pretenses of protecting liberty. But we shall strictly restrain those in whom anarchism has become a mental and moral disease, educate the ignorance in which that disease now takes root,

and reform the abuses that sow the seed. Education and religion are the only permanent cures for anarchism.

"No man, loyal to God and believing in His success, can ever be an anarchist. He will antagonize bad government with reason and not with the knife.

"Next week the assassin of William McKinley will die at the hands of the law. What beyond this ought to be his fate? What do the moral interests of the Universe demand? That he be kept in everlasting worthlessness, in chains and torments, an eternal blot, the evil that is in him made to live forever, *or* that he be awakened from his night-mare dream of anarchy, purged as by fire, changed to cleanliness and sanity, converted to order, trained to obedience and set to atone for the harm he has done?"

One other striking sentence in that wonderful sermon I must give you: "Universalism is the belief of a capable God who does not let His worlds run away with Him. An adequate God who is able to conduct His Universe to the goal He desires, without the intervention of an eternal catastrophy." Dr. Pullman had the art of saying a thing in such a way that it seemed a demonstration. No man, apparently, owed less to others. He expressed himself like no

one else, and what he said always carried conviction, because he always faced every problem with perfect frankness. He was a convincing speaker because an honest thinker.

He was the one man in our church who could, in recent years, have given us what we still need, a treatise on Universalist Theology. He was too busy and his time was given to other work. He was the best Sunday School worker we had, and our church never profited, as it ought, by his skill and wisdom.

He was the highest authority in our church, one of the highest in the country, on questions of charity. He knew that our philosophy compels us to be interested in all questions that affect human life for good or ill.

He did not touch as wide a range of topics as Theodore Parker, who, since Luther, understood more clearly than any other minister the possibilities of the pulpit, yet no man in our church spoke better upon a greater variety of themes. In a sermon in Massachusetts, eleven years ago, I heard him say "I believe it is the present business of the Universalist Church to Universalize itself, to discard its particularisms and make its policy and methods fit, and serve the real spirit of its faith." Another striking sen-

tence in that sermon was this, "If we want a consecrated and effective ministry we must keep dead men's hands off living men's heads." He had full reverence for the fathers, but he knew that the past cannot do the thinking of the present.

Dr. Pullman's Universalism was a very different thing from the Universalism of John Murray. It was a vastly larger, more inspiring and vitalizing faith; yet, that his statement of our faith, the broadest and best that we have had to the present, is a final statement he, could he speak, would be, I am sure, the first to deny.

Universalism is a growing and enlarging faith, and James Minton Pullman, as one of God's prophets, helped to make it grow.

The fathers banished endless misery from the world to come. Dr. Pullman saw that our mission was not finished, and that the logic of our faith compelled us to try and banish endless misery from this world; that, if God is to be an impartial and loving Father in the world to come, He is equally without favorites in this world, and that it is our mission to establish, here and now, divine relations among men.

These are his words: "The time is gone by, too, when to dilate upon the Universal prophecy of a final

moral harmony of the Universe, furnishes sufficient mission for a man or a church.

"No church can have overcoming power which substitutes a prediction, however gloriously universal, for an actual participation in a present struggle against evil.

"Dogmatic optimism is the deadest thing in the world, it begets no energy, it brings on moral paralysis. The Universalist prophecy is indeed a great light, the greatest that ever dawned upon the world, but it is a light to work in, not to lie down in."

This is the new note which others will develop more fully even than Dr. Pullman.

I have, for the most part, let him speak for himself. I could not do otherwise, because he is himself his own best interpreter.

No man lives more in his work than James Pullman. You who have had the opportunity of often hearing him, have been blessed with a rare privilege. That he wished to be buried here is a compliment to the whole community. One other privilege let us hope we may have, and that is, a volume of his sermons and addresses, by means of which, though dead, he may still speak to us. It would be something to prize and something we should be glad to

put into the hands of those not acquainted with our faith and say, this is what we believe, and this, no doubt, we shall have in time.

I trust that this church will be considered a memorial to James as much as to the parents he honored and who were honored in his life.

Part Fourth.
Resolutions.

ADOPTED BY CHURCH SOCIETIES
AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

Resolutions.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY, LYNN.

WE, the members of the First Universalist Society, of Lynn, summoned together by the sudden death of our pastor, Reverend James Minton Pullman, D.D., desire to place on record this expression of our admiration and love for him, our grateful appreciation of his ministrations to us, and our profound sense of loss and bereavement.

Dr. Pullman began his pastorate in this society, Sunday, April 12, 1885. His wholly unexpected death came Sunday, November 22, 1903, a short time after the morning service which he had conducted with all his usual grace and power. Thus at noontide was he taken from us without warning, in the full glory of his strength and while he still rejoiced in his labors.

For the first sermon which Dr. Pullman preached as our pastor, April 12, 1885, he chose the text taken from the Gospel according to St. Luke, Chapter 8, Verse 45 : — "And Jesus said, Who touched me?" His subject was the power of the personal touch, and he sought in his discourse to enforce the lesson that it is within the power of every man to touch and help his fellows by personal service more than in any other way. It seems to us now that during these almost nineteen years he has been our pastor, he has been unfold-

ing and exemplifying by his own life the truth of that first great sermon. Out of the abounding wealth of his character, from the stores of his mind and heart, with the lightning-flash and thunder-roll of his eloquence, and with the strength of his manly sympathy and counsel, he has again and again touched and quickened us into something of his own splendid faith and lifted us towards the vantage ground of his own lofty spiritual outlook. And it is not this church and parish alone that he has so touched and quickened. Throughout our city and far beyond its limits his influence has gone forth as a constant power for righteousness. The vigorous and helpful energies of his great nature have reached so many lives that to-day it is not only an entire community but an unnumbered multitude that mourn his loss.

Among the more striking characteristics of Dr. Pullman were his absolute independence and courage. He was ever constant and fearless in the pursuit of his duty as he saw it. The approval of his own conscience, the sanction of his own moral judgment, counted with him infinitely above the opinions or criticisms of those who could not see the full meaning and motives of his action. He never allowed, he never stopped to weigh the possibility of allowing, any selfish or secondary consideration to swerve him in any degree from what he believed the right line for him to pursue. He was so independent that he never questioned, he was so courageous that it was not in him to hesitate. He knew full well how many other men have acquired and held rewards and so-called honors by the subordination of moral independence to the dictates of a selfish prudence, but it was a part of his nature to be above this temptation. With him

it was a moral passion to rush upon his duty without a doubt. No one ever came into contact with Dr. Pullman without being impressed by the breadth of view with which he surveyed every subject, whether in discourse or in conversation. With the native strength and broad culture of his mind, he saw every fact or truth in its widest relations. This breadth of vision, which he possessed on every subject, made him an intellectual and moral power among men. When we add to all this his graphic method of statement, his delicious sense of humor, and the genial flow of his spirits in conversation and in social intercourse, it is clear enough that he was a man who not only must be admired and loved, but who inevitably was a great source of inspiration and help to other men. It was peculiarly true that young men intuitively felt his capacity to help them, and though they came to him frequently and avowedly for such help, they were never turned away. He was indeed, in the words of Matthew Arnold, applied to Emerson: — "The friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." His generous sympathy for his fellows who had the harder lot in life, for the distressed, the unfortunate, the mourning, gave him the capacity to do and the joy of doing an amount of good in this world which it is the happy lot of few men to accomplish.

Dr. Pullman was a great preacher. It is impossible adequately to analyze or explain the sources of his greatness in this regard. He was great because he was himself. He had a Christian faith that was sublime in its surpassing certainty. His mind was enriched with varied learning. He thought deeply on the problems of human life and destiny. He knew the history of our race. He felt keenly its struggles, its achievements, its triumphs and its failures.

His heart was big enough to embrace all humanity in its solicitous care. His character had the ring of genuineness, and was of such loftiness and purity that all men at once paid homage to it. His power of vivid narrative, portrayal, illustration and argument, were such as very few men achieve. All this, his very voice and presence, contributed to make him a great preacher. But they made him more than that. They made him an inspiring Christian teacher, because all these sources of his power were consecrated by him to the one supreme purpose and passion of his life—that in the name of his Master and with His message he might be the helper of men.

Dr. Pullman was a steadfast believer in the ultimate triumph of good over evil. He knew the inherent power of the good, but he saw also the activity and resourcefulness of evil. He knew that the conflict between these two contending forces was continuous and persistent. In that conflict he had enlisted on the side of righteousness for time and for eternity, until he should see the good triumphant. And so it was that, whether in the pulpit or out of it, in the church or in the world, he was always and everywhere a soldier and leader contending for the right and fighting with all his might against evil. We have seen him among us a great warrior and captain in this moral warfare. And so we must always think of him. He has been called to a higher command. Wherever on the wider battlefields of the future the forces of good and evil shall be arrayed, we may be sure that there, sword in hand, face forward, and with the shout of assured triumph, he is leading some battalion of the Almighty. We may be sure, too, that like every brave soldier he will now and then sheathe his sword and with the

blessed service of his great and sympathetic heart lift the fallen, bind their wounds, and strengthen them with his strength.

For us to go on here without the presence of such a friend and pastor, to be deprived of his visible leadership, is a loss immeasurable. Our grief is indeed great. Our bereavement cannot be uttered in words. But our duty is plain. That duty and our loyalty to him and his teaching alike admonish us to take up and advance the work to which he was so steadfastly devoted, and to which he gave so many of the best years of his life. The inspiration of his character and spirit will attend us. His exhortation to us is: — "Forward."

When we turn from our own loss, when we think of the bereaved wife and family of our pastor, when we consider what he was to them in the home and realize the measure of their loss, we comprehend anew the inadequacy of human help in such a sorrow. From our hearts we tender them our sincerest sympathy, and it is our earnest wish that they may know and feel now, and continue to know and feel, that in their grief and loss we reverently have our share.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, LYNN.

AT A meeting of the members of the First Universalist Church of Lynn, held on Thursday evening, December the third, these resolutions in memory of our late beloved pastor and leader — Rev. James Minton Pullman, D.D., — were

unanimously adopted, in token of our mutual loss, and in heartfelt sympathy with your deep bereavement: —

Though our hearts are full of sorrow for the loss of our beloved pastor, they are also full of gratitude and thanksgiving for his long and earnest life.

We wish, therefore, to place upon record our high appreciation of this noble man who has been our leader for nearly nineteen years; and to express, so far as *words* can do, the great sorrow that we feel in the swift severing of the bonds that have united us in Christian fellowship. We join in the words that have voiced the grief of the parish; but we who have been his co-workers in the church wish to record our sense of personal loss, and pay tribute to his magnetic power.

His earnest words influenced many of us to publicly take our stand upon the side of the "Great Leader" whom he so constantly preached to us.

The "heart to heart" talks which he gave us helped us to bear our trials, and his words inspired us to a nobler, purer life.

During all these years he has stood for one thing preeminently. In all our memory of him he will stand for that thing — the supreme importance of *character*.

How often he said, "What a man *is* is of infinitely greater importance than what he *has*." "The only thing God does not give us is *character*: that we make ourselves." This great truth, Dr. Pullman's own noble character has been silently teaching us more eloquently even than his words.

The inspiration of those *words* we shall miss—but the inspiration of that grand character will be with us, not only through this life, but in all the worlds to come.

We would express, too, our appreciation of the large interest and love he had for the people of his charge; of his tender sympathy in our griefs; of his pleasure in our joys; and of his ready and earnest co-operation in all that tended to the upbuilding of our church.

Our faith, which he has made so vital to all our hearts, assures us that in the "bright uplands of the universe," to which he has gone, he is still permitted to look upon us with love, and with faith in our work together for good. We mourn his loss. We shall long for his tender, noble thoughts that he so freely gave us. We shall miss his earthly presence when we gather about the Lord's table. But he himself has beautifully told us that that table is partly here and partly the other side of the veil. The loved ones gone before gather with those whose work here is not yet finished. *He* will be there, and we shall still feel his presence as we join in that service. With the Apostle Paul we can say, "I thank God for every remembrance of thee." And our hearts respond, "*We* thank God for the noble, grand, and inspiring leadership of Dr. James M. Pullman."

ELMIRA S. WINSHIP,
LUCY H. WINSLOW,
MARTHA M. LAMKIN,
HELEN JOHNSON,
REV. CHARLES M. ANDREWS,
DR. L. M. MARSTON,
ADDIE A. MANSFIELD.

FLOWER MISSION, FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, LYNN.

THE following resolutions were adopted by the Flower Mission at the meeting held December 2, 1903: —

Resolved, That in the death of our beloved President and pastor — Rev. James Minton Pullman, D.D., — the Flower Mission of the First Universalist Church, of Lynn, is filled with a sense of irreparable loss.

Resolved, That we hold in grateful remembrance the qualities of mind and heart which have made him an acknowledged expert in dealing with such philanthropic problems as, amongst other interests, this society was organized by him in October, 1885, to consider.

Resolved, That we shall sorely miss his discriminating judgment, his ready and generous sympathy, his unfailing patience and tact, his magnetic personality and his quick appreciation of our efforts to further the varied activities of this organization. And that we recognize that to have been thus closely associated with one so wise, and great, and good, has been of inestimable value to us.

Resolved, That, inasmuch as we can pay no higher tribute to a great leader than to carry forward, as far as lies in our power, the work dear to his heart, we therefore honor him by remaining faithful to the interests of the Flower Mission.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family, praying that our Heavenly Father may sustain them in their great sorrow.

MARY DE L. NEWHALL,
GRACE G. CHASE,
ELEANOR O. STONE,
PAMELIA B. MUDGE,
Committee.

HOSPITALITY COMMITTEE,
FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, LYNN.

THE Hospitality Committee of the First Universalist Church, of Lynn, joins in the universal expression of sorrow at the taking away from this Society and community of our spiritual leader, in the fullness of his power as a preacher, and in the richness of his developed character as a man.

The Committee feels that Dr. Pullman was in himself the embodiment of the true hospitality — the hospitality of the spirit to receive new impressions of life and truth, and to become the entertainer of those sympathies that reach all classes of humanity.

In this hour of our sorrow, we think of his view of the higher life, in which is no darkness at all, and we resolve that while we feel our bereavement at his taking away, the example of his life, and his constant voicing of the truth, shall remain as helpful influences with us to walk in those paths in which he has so faithfully sought to lead us.

To his family, and to the church, we offer this resolve, in the hope that the sympathy we feel at this hour shall broaden our horizon and help us to remember and be guided by the constant call to truth and duty that came from the heart and soul of our friend, whom we all love and mourn.

C. NEAL BARNEY,
Chairman on Resolutions.
ABBIE T. HOVEY,
Chairman of Hospitality Com.
ADDIE A. MANSFIELD,
Clerk.
BENJ. P. WARE,
MABEL P. JOHNSON,
LUCY HOVEY WINSLOW.

James Minton Pullman

SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, LYNN.

LYNN, MASS., *November 29, 1903.*

THE Second Universalist Church, having learned with deep grief of the sudden death of the Rev. James M. Pullman, D.D., Pastor of the First Universalist Church, deems it appropriate to here record a formal statement.

We recognize in his life a preacher of commanding power and a citizen of public spirit. His pulpit message has been instructive and uplifting; his administrative ability has generously served the community by reforming abuses and by nurturing a healthy and responsive public sentiment.

As Universalists, the friends of the Second Church recognize the potent influence exerted on our city by the church which has known his leadership for eighteen years; we prize, too, the influence of his reputation as a Universalist leader active in social and philanthropic work far beyond the limits of Lynn.

In this hour, when the grief of bereavement blends with pride for achievement and with the peace of Christian revelation, we are prompted to send this word to his family and to his church.

A. N. FOSTER, *Pastor.*
CAROLINE E. TRASK, *Secretary.*

SWAMPSCOTT UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

SWAMPSCOTT, MASS., *November 23, 1903.*

AT A special meeting of the Swampscott Universalist Church, held this date, it was voted: —

James Minton Pullman

That the following resolutions be spread upon the records of the church; also, that copies be sent to Mrs. Pullman and to the First Universalist Church, of Lynn: —

Whereas, Our friend and brother, James M. Pullman, has passed, by an almost painless translation, to "those uplands of the universe" of which he thought and spoke so constantly; and

Whereas, We know of his service to our sister church and to the community, to the Universalist Church and to our whole country.

Resolved, That we are thankful with all our hearts for his long and honored life; for the breadth of mind and heart and the power of will that gave to his fellow-men these many and efficient years of service and made him the man he was.

Resolved, That we are unfeignedly thankful for his faith in men as shown by the devotion of his splendid powers to the making of men and for the multitude, who, by their lives, have proved that his faith was not in vain.

Resolved, That we send this expression of our love and sympathy to the stricken family and to the church, commending to them the happy assurance that was so dear to him, that both he and his work go on, that this is but the beginning of his influence and that for all "Death is but a covered way that opens on the light."

For the Church,

GEO. T. TILL, *Clerk*.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, TROY, N.Y.

THE Trustees of the Universalist Church, assembled this Tuesday evening, November 24, 1903, have heard with deep and profound sorrow, of the sudden call of Rev. James M. Pullman, D.D., to the higher life.

Dr. Pullman accepted the pastorate of this church in April, 1861, coming direct from the Theological School from which he was then about to graduate. He labored with zeal, fidelity and signal success, for seven years, and rapidly developed those elements of strength as a Christian minister, that have for years placed him in the front rank with the leaders of our denomination. From the time that he left us, to enter upon the larger field in New York City, to the present, the influence and inspiration of his teachings and example have remained with us, a source of strength and encouragement, particularly to those whose privilege it was to have been intimately associated with him, while he was our pastor.

As we last looked upon the manly form, and felt the magnetism of the personal presence of Brother Pullman, we did not for a moment think but that he had years of great usefulness before him, but the Infinite Spirit, who endowed him with many talents, and inspired him with a disposition to make the most of them, has called "Come up higher!"

Those who remain can only bow in submission, and say "It is well."

To our dear friend, Mrs. Jennie T. Pullman, who, during the years of the pastorate in this city, was his earnest and faithful assistant and fellow-laborer, we extend our deep and abiding sympathy. We doubt not but that she is, and will

continue to be, sustained in the time of her great trial and sorrow, by the "Glad tidings of great joy," which was the inspiration and substance of the gospel message, which her noble husband so loved to proclaim during all the years of his ministry.

We direct that this minute be entered in our Book of Records, and that a copy be sent to Mrs. Pullman.

For the Trustees,

JOHN P. WIGHT,
H. W. REED,
H. H. HALLADAY,
F. O. STILES,
HENRY H. DARLING,
Committee.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, WALTHAM, MASS.

WALTHAM, MASS., *November 29, 1903.*

AT THE close of the sermon this morning, our pastor, Rev. Frederick A. Taylor, alluded to the death of Dr. Pullman, and to the privilege which was ours to listen to him so recently. His subject that eve was, "Seek ye first the kingdom," and those who heard him have felt since his death that it was indeed the message of one sent of God.

In view of these facts it seemed eminently fitting to the Society that they express to you their heartfelt thanks that they were privileged to receive the message from him, and

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to extend to you their sincerest sympathy in this hour of your deep sorrow and bereavement, trusting that when "the weeping which endureth but for a night," shall have passed, that that "joy which cometh in the morning" may come to you, bringing with it that peace and comfort which our Heavenly Father hath promised to those who mourn, and which He alone can give.

Fraternally submitted,

ALONZO S. LOCKE,
Clerk of Waltham Universalist Parish.

MINISTERS' ASSOCIATION, BOSTON.

MINUTE on the death of the Rev. James M. Pullman, D.D., adopted by the Ministers' Association, of Boston.

In the death of the Rev. James M. Pullman, D.D., the Universalist ministry has suffered a peculiar and grievous loss. Since the death of Dr. A. A. Miner, no one has occupied a more conspicuous and commanding position as a preacher and leader of the Universalist host. His going away leaves a vacancy in the ranks which it will be difficult to fill. His ministerial career has not only been brilliant from the very beginning but filled with high purpose and genuine devotion. The child of Universalist parents, he drank in from his earliest childhood, the cheerful and glorious faith which filled his pathway with radiance and which came in due time to consecrate and master the forces of his powerful mind. In the advocacy of this faith his enthusiasm

never flagged, and he never contemplated the possibility of surrender or compromise. He could never conceive of Christianity as victorious under any other interpretation, or the church as triumphant on any other basis. When on the death of the late E. H. Chapin, a distinguished layman said to him, "Dr. Chapin was too big a man to be covered by a Universalist blanket," he replied instantly, "There is no other blanket big enough to cover him." At the same time he was no bigot nor even narrow sectarian.

He had as much to do with the organization of the Universalist General Convention as almost any other man and was its principal executive officer during those years in which it acquired its stability and efficiency, yet his sympathies were awakened by every genuine Christian effort in other communions, and the great cause of charity, which makes its appeal to every loving heart, and is the care of every branch of the Church of Christ, came at last to have a dominating place in his thought and affections.

The respect in which he is held by the clergy of every name and by the people of every church and, indeed, of no church, in the city where the last two decades of his life were passed, testifies to the breadth of his convictions and the catholicity of his sentiments. He was a fearless and indomitable champion of everything that he held to be true. He took his place among his brethren of the ministry without egotism or self-assertion and even with unassuming modesty. He never made himself more than the equal of the humblest. He did not hold himself aloof from any but was accessible to all. His manner was so genial and his conversation so brilliant and sparkling that every one delighted in his company. Moreover, every one was refreshed

and inspired not only by the strength of his convictions, but by the cheerful optimism that pervaded and charged them with irresistible power.

The sorrow of his brethren that they "shall see his face no more" is tender and profound. They feel that "He was a man, take him for all and all, we shall not look upon his like again."

The words of Browning, quoted by his friend and ministerial associate (Mr. Stewart) at his funeral, admirably sum up all that his brethren would say of him: —

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward.
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

E. H. CAPEN,
FREDERICK A. BISBEE,
WILLIAM B. EDDY.

UNIVERSALIST MINISTERS, CHICAGO, ILL.

LOMBARD COLLEGE,
GALESBURG, ILL., *December 15, 1903.*

MY DEAR MRS. PULLMAN: —

At a meeting of the Universalist ministers of Chicago and neighboring towns, recently held in Elgin, sorrowful mention was made of our great bereavement in the death of Dr. Pullman, and I was requested to express

on behalf of all the brethren their sincere and affectionate sympathy with you and your household, as well as their sense of the eminent services he has rendered to our church and the world by the loftiness of his character, the brilliancy of his talents, and his unswerving fealty to the faith once delivered to the saints, as we have conceived that faith. It must be a comfort to you in your saddest hour to see how widely and deeply your husband was loved and honored. . . . . I feel that he was among us a unique and pre-eminent spirit; none can fill his place, though I trust many have been inspired by his words and life to follow his example. May all these things help a little to lift your heavy burden.

Very sincerely yours,

C. ELLWOOD NASH.

LYNN MINISTERS' UNION.

Whereas, In the sudden death of the Rev. James M. Pullman, D. D., Pastor of the First Universalist Church, our city has lost a citizen whose public spirit found most helpful expression in municipal life.

The Lynn Associated Charities form one of the features of our city life in which the citizens take a just pride. Pauperism and street begging have been reduced and the sense of self-respect has been magnified through the efficient and timely service rendered by this movement. This word of appreciation is due primarily to Dr. Pullman, who organized

the Associated Charities eighteen years ago, and continued, until his death, the guiding spirit and the controlling hand.

As a leader in the work of the Christian ministry, he magnified his calling and held a high standard for ethical instruction and spiritual life. While we pay tribute to his power as a preacher whose example was inspiring to young men and whose broad vision overlooked religious differences, we grieve at our personal loss and extend our sincere sympathy to the church and to the bereaved family.

A. N. FOSTER,
ALBION H. ROSS,
C. F. WEEDEN,
} *Committee of Lynn Ministers' Union, Appointed at Regular Meeting, Held December 4, 1903.*

NEW YORK UNIVERSALIST CLUB.

NEW YORK, *November 23, 1903.*

THE following resolutions were adopted at a regular meeting of the New York Universalist Club, held in New York on the above date: —

Whereas, In the Providence of our Heavenly Father it seemed best to call to the Higher Home our esteemed and beloved brother, Rev. James M. Pullman, D.D., of Lynn, Massachusetts, we, the members of the New York Universalist Club, do hereby express our profound sorrow over the loss of so devoted a member; and be it

Resolved, That we pay a tribute of gratitude to his memory for having been one of the prime movers in the organ-

ization of the New York Universalist Club, and a loyal and enthusiastic member for eighteen years.

Resolved, That we express our thankfulness to God for blessing our denomination with a preacher gifted in all the qualities that go to make a powerful and winsome expounder of the gospel; and one who never lost his radiant faith in the ultimate conversion of Christendom to our cherished beliefs.

Resolved, That we remember with pride the work of our brother in the fields of scholarship, philanthropy and civic progress. His citizenship was, indeed, in heaven, but he labored steadfastly to also prove a worthy citizen of earth.

Resolved, That we extend to his congregation our heartfelt condolence in their sorrow over their irreparable loss.

Resolved, That we tender his stricken family our deepest sympathy in their sudden, sad bereavement, praying the Father to give them strength and peace in the valley of the shadow of death.

We rejoice that God's star of immortality still shines on, and beckons us by its mild, persistent gleam to the homeland over the hill, where many of our treasures are and where we shall again know the clasp of a vanished hand and hear the sound of a voice that is still.

LOUIS ANNIN AMES, *President.*
W. H. CHILDS, *Vice-President.*
H. E. SANDFORD, *Treasurer.*
PAUL K. AMES, *Secretary.*

E. EDWIN LOCKHART PATTERSON,
WILLIAM W. OPPENHEIM,
CHAS. P. HULL,
Directors.

HENRY R. ROSE,
J. FRANK THOMPSON,
W. S. CROWE,
Committee.

BOSTON UNIVERSALIST CLUB.

AT THE last meeting of this Club one of the chief features of interest was an address by the Rev. James M. Pullman, D.D., who gave us in the maturity of his powers a fresh, cheerful and inspiring message.

No one who listened to him thought for a moment that he was nearing the end of his brilliant career. The news of his sudden death was a shock and surprise to the whole Universalist Communion. To nearly every member of this Club he was a genial and familiar friend. His presence in our meetings gave them an added charm. Wherever he went he shed about him the influence of the cheerful and optimistic spirit in which he lived. It is unnecessary to enter into any detailed analysis of those qualities of mind which gave him, since the death of Dr. Miner, perhaps the foremost place in the Universalist Ministry. That has been done already, to some extent, and will be done, doubtless, more completely hereafter by a master hand. It is proper to say here, however, that the great central thought of Universalism had taken possession of him as it has possessed few souls in this world. It was the one thought that dominated him; that filled him with a lofty inspiration; that colored his whole life, rendering his courage indomitable and imparting a note of triumph to every utterance. The loss to this Club in the death of such a man is great indeed, but it is a loss which we share with every member of the church to which we belong from end to end of this broad land.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to his family; to his personal friends; to the parish which he served with untiring devotion for nearly twenty years; to the entire Universalist

Communion of which we are a part; and we will ever cherish his memory with admiration and affection.

ELMER H. CAPEN,
FREDERICK W. HAMILTON,
WALTER E. SYMONDS.
Committee.

ST. LAWRENCE CLUB, NEW YORK.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., *November 24, 1903.*

THE St. Lawrence Club, in New York, begs to send to you, in your trouble, the assurance of its deep and heartfelt sympathy. To many of our members Dr. Pullman was known personally; to all of them he was known by reputation. And we all feel that, in his death, the University has lost a distinguished and a powerful alumnus and each of us a friend.

Very sincerely,

RICHARD C. ELLSWORTH, *Secretary.*

CENTRAL COUNCIL OF THE ASSOCIATED CHARITIES OF LYNN.

Resolved, That by the death of Rev. James M. Pullman, D.D., Nov. 22, 1903, the cause of enlightened and progressive philanthropy in this Commonwealth has lost one of its most devoted and accomplished leaders — a leader who, by his profound study of social problems and the splendid

patience with which he undertook and inspired others to undertake their solution, has achieved a great advance of this most noble cause.

Resolved, That the value of Dr. Pullman's contribution to the work of organized charities in this city, as President of the Associated Charities and as the adviser of the Council on all occasions, can hardly be overestimated; that by his unwavering belief in the essential dignity and worth of those who may be dependent, or needy, and his faith in the complete separability of weakness and dependence from the characters and lives of men, Dr. Pullman appealed to what was noblest and best alike in those who should give and in those who were entitled to receive assistance; and that by his unflinching courage in the presence of difficulties, not only those inherent in all charity work but those which resulted from the indifference of many who should have supported and strengthened him in his labors, and by his abiding faith in the glorious final outcome of all true service of the strong for the weak, Dr. Pullman has given to the Associated Charities an inspiration and example which should hold its officers and members true and steadfast in meeting the duties of the future.

Resolved, That we, the members of the Central Council, to every one of whom Dr. Pullman was not only a counsellor and leader, but a personal friend as well, recognize the appalling gap which his death has made in our ranks; that while at first dismayed by the blow and grief of his wholly unexpected death we felt that the work of the association would become most difficult and depressing without his aid, the exalting influence of his character and example has reinforced in us the determination that the work shall

continue to be, sustained in the time of her great trial and sorrow, by the "Glad tidings of great joy," which was the inspiration and substance of the gospel message, which her noble husband so loved to proclaim during all the years of his ministry.

We direct that this minute be entered in our Book of Records, and that a copy be sent to Mrs. Pullman.

For the Trustees,

JOHN P. WIGHT,
H. W. REED,
H. H. HALLADAY,
F. O. STILES,
HENRY H. DARLING,
Committee.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, WALTHAM, MASS.

WALTHAM, MASS., *November 29, 1903.*

AT THE close of the sermon this morning, our pastor, Rev. Frederick A. Taylor, alluded to the death of Dr. Pullman, and to the privilege which was ours to listen to him so recently. His subject that eve was, "Seek ye first the kingdom," and those who heard him have felt since his death that it was indeed the message of one sent of God.

In view of these facts it seemed eminently fitting to the Society that they express to you their heartfelt thanks that they were privileged to receive the message from him, and

— the service of the children of the State, — he was by temperament and training exceptionally fitted. To this service he gave no perfunctory labor, no mere formal speech and vote; he gave for the time his whole generous self.

MASSACHUSETTS PRISON ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, *November 25, 1903.*

THE following minute was adopted by the Directors of the Massachusetts Prison Association, at their meeting to-day: —

The Directors place upon record this expression of their sense of loss in the death of their associate, the Rev. Dr. J. M. Pullman. He had been identified with the work of the Association for many years, and was earnest in his desire for the adoption of progressive penal legislation and for the improvement of prison administration.

The Board extends to the family of Dr. Pullman its sincere sympathy.

J. G. THORP, *President.*
E. D. BARBOUR,
C. N. FIELD,
ROBT. TREAT PAINE,
JOHN KOREN,
FREDERICK B. ALLEN,
EDWARD CUMMINGS,
PARRIS T. FARWELL,
WARREN F. SPALDING, *Secretary.*

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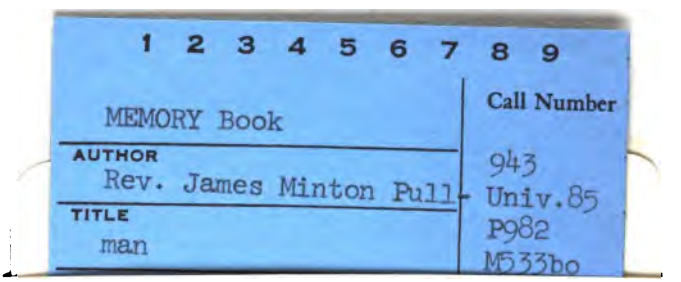

MEMORY book
Rev. James Minton
Pullman

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P982
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